

WHIG upon WHIG:

O.R.

A Pleasant Dismal BALLAD

On the Old Plotters newly found out.

To the Tune of, O Hone, O Hone.

[1]

Bloved hearke n all,
O Hone, O Hone,
To my sad Rhimes, that shall,
O Hone, Hone,
Be found in Elly sad,
Which makes Me almost mad,
But *Tories* Hearts full glad,
O Hone, O Hone.

[2]

Essex has cut his Throat,
O Hone, O Hone,
Ruffel is Guilty found,
O Hone, O Hone,
Wallen being of the Crow,
And Hone the Journe 100,
Mult give the Dev his due,
O Hone, O Hone.

[3]

Numsey swears heartily,
O Hone, O Hone,
West swears His does not lie,
O Hone, O Hone,
L. H———d vows by's Troth,
That they are good Men both,
And take the self same Oath,
O Hone, O Hone.

[4]

I heard some People say,
O Hone, O Hone,
M———b is fled away,
O Hone, O Hone,
And some do not stick to say,
If he falls in their way,
He will have damn'd fair Play,
O Hone, O Hone.

[5]

Armstrong and Gray Got wet,
O Hone, O Hone,
And Ferguson the Scot,
O Hone, O Hone,
Are all run God knows where,
'Cause stay they dare not here,
To fix our Grand Affair,
O Hone, O Hone.

[6]

Juries (als) are thus,
O Hone, O Hone,
There's no Ignoramus,
O Hone, O Hone,
But you'll have Justice done,
To ev'ry Mothers Son,
And be Hang'd One by One.
O Hone, O Hone.

[7]

Now how like Fools we look,
O Hone, O Hone,
Had we not better took
O Hone, O Hone,
Unto our Trades and Wives,
And have kept in our Hives,
Which might have sav'd our Lives,
O Hone, O Hone.

[8]

The King he says, that all
O Hone, O Hone,
That are found Guilty, shall
O Hone, O Hone,
Die by the Ax or Rope,
As they dy'd for the POPE,
Brethren there is no Hope.
O Hone, O Hone.

[9]

The Sisters left behind,
O Hone, O Hone,
Must with Vile *Tories* Grind,
O hone, O hone,
And still be at their Call,
To play at Up-tails-all;
Nay, to be Paxt and all.
O hone, O hone.

[10]

The *Tories* now will Drink,
O bone, O bone,
The Kings Health with our Chink,
O bone, O bone,
Queen, Duke and Dutches too,
And all the Loyal Crew.
Jerney Morblew, Morblew,
O bone, O bone.

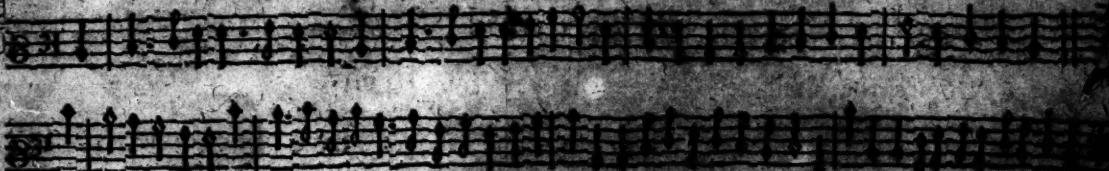
July 16 1932
*EABBS

The WHIGS laid open

O.R.,

An Honest Ballad of these sad Times.

To a Mery Tune, called *Old Symon the King*.



I.

Now the *Plotters & Plots* are confounded,
And all their *Designs* are made known
Which smelt so strong of the *Round-head*,
And *Treason of Forty One*.
And all the *Pious Intentions*
For *Property, Liberty, Laws*,
Are found to be only *Inventions*,
To bring in their *Good Old Cause*.
And all the Pions, &c.

II.

By their delicate *Bill of Exclusion*,
So hotly pursu'd by the *Rabbie* ;
They hop'd to have made such *Confusion*,
As never was seen at *Old Babel*.
Then *Shaftsbury's* brave *City Boys*,
And *M——th's* *Country Relations*,
Were ready to second the *Noise*,
And send it throughout the *3 Nations*.
Then Shaftsbury's, &c.

III.

No more of the *5th. of November*,
T' at *Dangerous Desperate Plot* ;
But ever with horruor remember
Old Tony, Armstrong, and Scot.
For *Tony* shou'd ne're be forgotten,
Nor *Ferguson's* *Popular Rules* ;
Nor *M——th, or G——y*, when they're *rotten*,
For *Popular Politick Fools*.
For Tony shou'd, &c.

IV.

The *Murder of Father and King*,
And *Extinguishing all the right Line*,
Was a *Good* and a *Godly thing* ;
And worthy the *Whigs Design* :
The *Hanging of Prelate, and Peer*,
And putting the *Guards to the Sword*,
And *Fleying, and Slashing Lord May*,
Was to do the *Work o the Lord*,
The Hanging of, &c.

V.

But I hope they will have their *Desire*,
And the *Gallows* will have its due,
And *Jack Keich* will be more *Desir'd*,
And in time be as *Rich as a King*,
Whilst now in the *Tavern we Sing*,
All *Joy to great York and his Master*,
A *Glorious long Reign to our King* ;
But when *They* *ve* *occasion* we'll *Fight*,
Whilst now in the Tavern, &c.

VI.

The name of a *Whig* and a *Tory*,
No more shall *Disquiet* the *Nation* ;
We'll *Fight* for the *Church and her Glory*,
And *Pray* for this *Reformation*.
That ev'ry *Faction* *Professor*,
And ev'ry *Zestless Pretender*,
May *humble*'em, to the *Successor*
Of *Charles*, our *Nations Defender*.
*That every *Faction* &c.*

Printed by N. T. at the Entrance into the Old-Spring-Garden, 1665.